

## Winter Young by Krowshi

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Domestic Fluff, Fluff, Height Differences, M/M, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, over sized clothing is involved, this is honestly really cliché but fuck i couldn't resist

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Mike likes seeing Will in his sweaters way too much.

## Winter Young

### Author's Note:

I apologize in advance for how cliché this is but height differences and clothes sharing is what fuels my soul. I'm a sucker for these aesthetics.

Will had always been relatively small compared to anyone else he knew. He wasn't ashamed of it really, he didn't see there being any real trivial issues with being short. Sure when it came to reaching to the top shelf of anything... Being vertically challenged was not exactly the most fun.

However, Mike loved it with all of his heart. Already being a lanky towering body of long limbs, he had an advantage to begin with and it pleased him that he could hold Will so perfectly against him. His obsession with wrapping himself around Will like a giant koala only grew tenfold once they started to date. It became less of a protective gesture, and more of a self indulgent action of its own because he loved Will's flustered reactions.

One of the days that Mike loved the most was a day that took place on a particularly cold autumn day in the Wheeler house.

Will had spent the night so that the pair could just go together in the morning when it was time to go to school, but when it was time to leave, Will was shaking in his spot. The darker haired male looked on with worried regard.

"Is something the matter?" Mike said, concern painting his face ever so prominently. Will stopped shaking to take in Mike's words as he hugged his arms close to himself like vines. It was like his mind put itself on pause for a moment to contemplate what was the right reaction to give.

"Ah, I'm fine, just cold," Will said after a beat. The taller boy stared down at his friend in careful thought, taking in the usual light flannel that Will wore before he turned foot and walk down the halls of his house and to his room. Will's question of "wait, where are you going?" Was left to die on his tongue as Mike walked out of earshot.

A few minutes passed and the taller teen was back with one of his sweaters in hand, folded neatly and outstretched towards Will. The latter took a moment to regard the object in hand before taking it gently as he looked away with a blush on his face.

“You... you didn't have to,” Will muttered quietly. He glanced back at Mike from behind his eyelashes and couldn't stop his heart from nearly jumping out of its chest at what he witnessed.

Mike was all soft looks and adoration, his freckles softening all that he is like a clear night sky with all the constellations hung up. The shorter boy barely registered as Mike took the sweater back again only to pull it over his head, giving Will no choice but to wear it.

Once Will had it fully on, he couldn't help but feel like he was drowning in the thing. It hung loosely off his shoulders and the sleeves easily hid his hands from sight. Mike clearly loved this though as he stepped forward, taking Will's hands in his own and leaned forward to pepper kisses down across Will's face like rain.

“Stop! We're gonna be late for school, Mike!” Will chuckled out past the onslaught of kisses he was receiving, failing at trying to be serious with Mike. The other boy ignored his protests and pulled the sleeves forward so they were pressed up against each other in the entryway of the house. “Christ, Wheeler! Seriously! Do you want your dad to see us?”

This ceased Mike's actions to a slow stop. He gave out a whine that made him seem like a pouty child and Will matched it with a brief laugh and a smile.

“It's stupid,” Mike said curtly.

“What's stupid?”

“I want to show us off so bad. I hate hiding... Hiding this,” Mike said, his laid back and uncaring air shifting to a more serious one. Will's smile dropped down a bit, because yeah... They may finally be happy as a *couple*, but that didn't change that society wasn't fond of people like them. It was all stupid, Will inwardly agreed with Mike. Love is a concept, something you just *feel*, but people treated it like the

government was forcing everyone to be straight. “However.” Mike started up again, snapping Will out of his thoughts.

“However?” Will said with a raised eyebrow and a lilt in his voice to urge Mike to continue on with his thought.

“You’re gonna be in my sweater all day,” the taller of the two said like it was such an obvious statement, which it was, but he said it like there was so much more that people should see. “I think that’s as much of a claim on you that I can get away with and I’m okay with that because you look cute in it.”

Now, Will figured that was what was going through Mike’s head the whole time as he was giving him those loving eyes, but having it said out loud was a whole other thing of its own. It left the shorter male to feel more disheveled than he actually was with all these feelings threatening to burst over the edge of his metaphorical plastic cup.

“Geez, What a cheese ball,” Will said almost exasperated and Mike only smiled triumphantly in response. “Anyway, come on cheese ball, lets get to school,” he finally said, opening the door to indicate their official departure.

“A cheese ball for you!” Mike added as a last thought as he trailed behind Will.

“Yeah... My cheese ball.”

Needless to say, if anyone noticed that Will Byers was wearing Mike Wheeler’s sweater, they didn’t say anything about it.